1: Jenness--152 (1913-16) 1922 Copper Eskimo
116, 223

"There is very little that calls for notice in the methods by which birds are secured. A native who comes on a flock of ptarmigan will circle cautiously round it until he can shoot at two or three birds in line, when there is naturally far less chance of his missing. Some of the natives have even tried to line up two caribou in this way, and the hunter who has succeeded in bringing them both down with one shot will boast of it for months afterwards. In the early days of spring loons and other water-fowl settle in small pools of open water and dive down in pursuit of fish. The Eskimos wait until the bird dives, then rush up and the moment it emerges shoot it with their arrows or stab it with their fish-spears. Snares are employed for squirrels and for small birds like sand-pipers, larks and snow-buntings, but never for ptarmigan or for caribou. In the case of birds the noose is set over the nest and the end made fast to a stick. Snares for squirrels, on the other hand, are usually operated by hand."

2: Stefansson--59 (1908-1912) 1914 Copper Eskimo
116, 223, 237

"All groups shoot a few ptarmigans with bows; the only ones to whom birds and eggs are of much significance are those who summer in Victoria Island, some of these are said to kill numbers of swans and smaller water birds during the moulting season. The skins of all birds are used for hand wipers after eating greasy food, and the skins of loons are used for slippers between the socks and outer boots in winter. Loon skins are also used during the fly season in summer to beat off mosquitoes."

223 They skinned birds in exactly the same way as small animals, except that
237 they tore the skin of a small bird down the legs without cutting it, and, when
825 drawing the skin over the head, held the feet in the teeth instead of tying them
136 to a tent-pole or other convenient object. Loon skins made excellent whisks for beating off the mosquitoes. The bill of the largest species of loon, *Gavia stellata*, was frequently sewn to the top of the dancing cap; and the feet skins of swans, geese, and ducks converted into tinder bags. Every household had its stock of ptarmigan skins for use as dusters, and to wipe the hands and face after eating or handling blubber; one skin served the whole family and all its visitors until every feather was worn out. The Eskimo used other bird skins for the same purpose, especially sea-gull skins, the oily feathers being naturally more suitable for towels than ptarmigan feathers. The skins of fish were usually eaten. The Copper Eskimo, unlike others of their race, never made any real clothing from fish or bird skins, although sometimes they stuffed a few feathers or the skin of a loon inside their sealskin shoes.

[301] [415] [515] [262] [294]

29: Jenness E-5 (1914-1916) 1959
ND8 Copper Eskimo ND8

sleeping-gear, spare clothing, and cooking utensils, and the little children their own bedding and whatever else their strength permitted. With the packs lying horizontally across their backs they resembled from a distance dark crosses that crept over the snow, now strung out in irregular formation, now filing one behind another in single line, now clustering together with little movement as the train halted to rest. The dogs trailed behind the women and children, their packs, shaped like saddle-bags, beating against their ribs or grooving continuous furrows in the snow; but they, too, inherited the pioneering blood and adventurous spirit of their masters, and, in spite of their heavy burdens, curled their tails jauntily over their backs and cocked their ears at the alert.

Slowly we filed across Lake Ever-Frozen and deposited our loads on the shore of a deep inlet at its northern end. In a broad pool created by a stream that foamed down the hill-side a red-throated loon gaily dived and rose to the surface again. Ikpuck seized his fish-trident and raced over the ice to spear it; but just as he reached the margin of the pool the ice gave way, and plunged him in water to his waist. The loon flew up, and the mortified hunter returned to the bank to change his clothing. He had stripped off everything but his jacket—like a swallow-tail coat, it reached to his waist in front and hung down in a long tail behind—when a second loon settled in the same

29: Jenness E-5 (1914-1916) 1959
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223 291 place. Despite Icehouse's loud remonstrances, despite the laughter of the rest of us, he raced for the pool again, the long tail alternately flapping between his naked legs and streaming in the air behind him. And again the ice gave way beneath him! Chilled to the bone, and thoroughly crestfallen, he hastened to the shore, and in a surly voice bade Icehouse unfasten the packs and set up the tent.

221 361 226 Our jigging in this corner of Lake Ever-Frozen was very productive for a week, and the new camp with its lines of drying fish among the dogs and tents soon became a replica of the one we had just abandoned. To stand on the ice hour after hour and mechanically vibrate a long line in the clear water below was a pleasantly monotonous occupation when the air was mild and the sunlight sparkled in the crystalline snow. [132] Even when fogs rolled down on us, and only the dark water-holes at our feet relieved the whiteness all around, there was a comfortable peace in the atmosphere and in the mellowed voices that penetrated from 224 somewhere unseen. The life was in fact too tranquil, too monotonous, for The Runner and his wife. They craved more activity, and spoke of hunting for caribou [123] to the northward; and when they broached their project to me I rashly promised to accompany them.

We set out on a clear, bright morning and travelled from one ridge to another, pausing on each crest to search the surrounding country. No caribou were

29: Jenness E-5 (1914-1916) 1959
ND8 Copper Eskimo ND8

136 the mortality of the eiders, nature keeps the numbers in both species within definite limits.

• 223 The bows and arrows of the Eskimos inflicted but little damage on these water-fowl. I once came upon Parted-Hair after he had vainly discharged all his arrows at a loon that was swimming in the corner of a lake. Using an ice-cake for a raft, and his fish-spear as a pole, he was gathering up the feathered shafts, one by one, as they danced upright in the water, while his step-son and Jennie tried to prevent the bird's flight by racing along the ice-edge and shouting whenever it raised its head above the surface. The chances were all in favour of the loon when I ended the chase with a bullet.

136 The days grew warmer and more pleasant as spring
[132] gave place to summer. Yet its coming was not an unmixed blessing, for it hatched out myriads of mosquitoes that rose and fell in the atmosphere like the motes in a sunbeam. How so many could exist was a mystery. Wherever we travelled they hovered around us like bees swarming, and no smudge could keep them at bay. My tent became the common refuge, for its doorway of fine netting resisted all their assaults, though they pattered on the roof like rain. Outside every one wore mittens as in winter, and my companions beat their faces with loon skins as automatically as a band-conductor wields his baton. Only on the ice could we escape the insects, their flight being